

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

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CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1914

ONE CENT

SIDEWALK PETITION TO BE HEARD IN COUNCIL

Effort to be Made for McKean Avenue Improvement

PAPER LARGELY SIGNED

Originated in Business Men's Association—Up to Pennsylvania Railroad

When the borough council meets tonight in its monthly session it will face action on the proposition of securing a sidewalk along the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad company from Fifth street to between Third and Fourth street. A petition will be presented well signed by property holders and business men who own property or conduct business places on McKean avenue between these two streets. If a sidewalk were laid the expense would be upon the railroad company, as property owners.

First mention of the proposal to get the sidewalk laid, if possible was made at a recent meeting of the Charleroi Business Men's Association. A committee was appointed and it is this committee that has been circulating the petition.

It is asserted that the railroad property is unsightly and during bad weather muddy and continually in bad condition. What action the railroad will take in the matter if council presents a properly attested request remains to be seen. However, the railroad has shown a disposition to co-operate with Charleroi in matters of improvement on previous occasions.

BURNS ARE FATAL TO AGED WOMAN AT MONONGAHELA

As the result of burns sustained in a fall on a stove about three weeks ago, Sarah Catherine Tidball, aged 80 years, died this morning at 1 stable Robert L. Tidball at Monongahela. Mrs. Tidball was working about the stove in her kitchen when she was seized with a fainting spell and fell backward on the stove being seriously burned. Her funeral will be held Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock with services private and interment in the Monongahela cemetery.

Hundreds of Women nowadays are entering the professions or business world and go to work day after day in bad health, afflicted with some female ailment, dragging one foot wearily after the other, working with an eye on the clock and wishing for closing time to come.

Women in this condition should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs. It has brought health and happiness to more women in America than any other remedy. Give it a trial.

Gives Bond; Disappears

Belle Vernon Man Accused of Changing Checks Gets Away After Hearing

After he had been given a preliminary hearing on the charge of changing checks on a coal car at Somers No. 4 mine of the Pittsburgh Coal company at Pricedale, and had furnished \$100 bail through a friend for his appearance at court, Marcella Biagini of Belle Vernon suddenly disappeared Monday night. Today his bondsman, Dimetra Dolfi was looking for him. Information was lodged by John Logan and Thomas Mailpass after it is stated Biagini had been seen changing checks.

IMPORTANT WORK DONE BY COURT

Among Chief Matters is Postponement of Rush Sentence

PLEADERS SENTENCED

In addition to addressing the grand jury and hearing the quarterly returns of the constables, Judge Robert W. Irwin had a rather busy day Monday as a number of pleaders were before him for sentence. James W. Rush who was convicted at the November term for manslaughter for the killing of Charles Rogge at Millisboro October 15, was to appear and receive sentence, but this was postponed until next Monday. Tony Bolto of Daisytown, a young foreigner charged with getting drunk and attempting to shoot up the community, pleaded guilty to carrying a concealed weapon. In sentencing him to pay a fine of \$1 and costs and serve six months in the workhouse, Judge Irwin said that the court could not deal with such cases lightly.

James Story of Monongahela pleaded guilty to stealing a keg of beer in a buggy. Incidentally he also drove away with the rig in order to convey the beer to a place of safety. He was given \$1 and costs and three months in jail.

William Braxton of Monongahela, a colored trusty, who escaped from the Washington jail after he had served 35 days of a four months sentence, pleaded guilty to the charge of escape and got four months more in jail, together with the costs and a fine of \$1.

Harry Jones, 17 years old of California, pleaded guilty to the charge of burglary and larceny and was committed to the Huntington Reformatory.

Continued on fourth page.

JUDGE IRWIN GIVES CONSTABLES ADVICE CONCERNING WORK

Tells Them If They Suspect Violations to Report Matter to District Attorney as Manner of Securing Action

In receiving the constables quarterly returns at court Monday, Judge Robert W. Irwin took occasion to impress upon those officials that they should not leave violators of the law against whom they have no evidence to proceed unrestricted, but must consult the district attorney, who will either co-operate or instruct the officials what to do. Merely learning of the existence of the violations and reporting them to court is not a fulfillment of duty. Judge Irwin said, in addressing the constables: "In going over the returns I have observed that some of the constables had made returns of offense against public morals. It is your duty, as constables where you have a knowledge of the existence, for instance, of a gambling house, a speakeasy or where liquor is being sold in violation of the law, or any other crime affect-

ing public morals, or where the public is interested, either to make information at once against such place if you believe you have sufficient evidence, or if you do not have enough information, to consult the district attorney privately, be advised by him and then this office will be deputized to look after the matter or you will be given some advice as to what to do. You ought not to wait until court to return these matters. It is your duty to see that these offenses do not exist. You as officers of the law, must not permit a gambling house and speakeasies to exist." The Judge remarked that since he had come on the bench there had come to his notice one murder as a result of a speakeasy and that it was the duty of the constable, in that district if he knew of this place to have suppressed it at once and save one human life.

AUDIENCE GASPS; ACTRESS FLEES

Pretty Girl Member of Stock Company Embarrassed From Real Cause

ACT NOT ON THE BILLS

Recently the Columbia Stock company played an engagement at Fayette City and went away with a brown taste in the mouth of some of the members, and left behind a chuckling population.

Like most stock companies, the Columbia plays very serious dramas—any drama would be serious played by a stock company in Fayette City. The one where the something happened was one of their best, and the most conspicuous personage in it was a pretty, petite actress, who let it be mentioned wouldn't know a Little Egypt dance from a bean bag game at a church social. The villain was persistently pursuing the young woman and it seemed to the audience it was about time for the hero to get busy and rescue her when the dreadful something happened that made the pretty young woman blast clear through four layers of complexion, made women in the audience glance hastily at their programs and that part of the audience which would have been in the gallery had the opera house boasted a gallery, ungallantly titter.

The trouble was that the pretty young woman tripping so merrily about the stage, suddenly missed half her clothes, revealing her form and plenty of hose. Her skirt fastenings simply gave up the ghost and the inevitable followed. Her skirt dropped to the floor. She had neglected to put on an undershirt and there she stood, wishing painfully she was elsewhere. The footlights glared miserably at her birthday attire, which she couldn't help. It was an embarrassing situation.

WEIGHS 250; SAYS SHE IS ROOSEVELT

Aged Colored Woman at Pricedale Claims First Name is Quentin

STATE POLICE GET HER

"Go way, Ise Quentin Roosevelt, Mrs. Frank Williams don't live hyah. Go way," commanded an aged Pricedale colored woman weighing about 250 pounds when Sergeant Thomas McLaughlin of the state constabulary went to her home to ascertain why she had not permitted Frank Steen and Thomas G. Brown, business men of Belle Vernon to take measurements of property near where she lived.

Then to prove she was used to warfare, she is said to have produced a gun, the same one she is alleged to have flourished when Steen and Brown appeared. She was taken in charge by Sergeant McLaughlin and at a hearing before Justice Chas. Dickerson at Belle Vernon held under bail for action of the grand jury in Westmoreland county. An investigation will be made into her mental condition.

McKeesport Knights to Give Dance. An event of importance, socially interesting to society folk of the Monongahela valley will be that of the reception and dance of McKeesport council, No. 955 Knights of Columbus in celebration of the ninth anniversary of the institution of the council at Elks' temple in McKeesport on Monday evening, February 9.

After the audience had gasped and grinned, it became aware that she wasn't in the spotlight any more, but had skipped. Shortly she reappeared with stronger skirt supports—yes, and her skirt—and the play continued.

LICENSE COURT WORK AT WASHINGTON

Police Work Is Changed

Patrolmen Murphy Goes On Hill For Month—Brickner And Cor Down Town

With the first of this month changes were made effective in the hours of police work in Charleroi. Patrolman James Murphy will have this month the hill section for patrol, his hours of duty being from 5 p. m. until 5 a. m. Patrolman Gus Brickner will have the down town time from 12 noon until 12 midnight and Patrolman George Corey will have from 5 o'clock afternoon until 5 a. m. in the down town section. Next month there will be other definite changes made according to the system of alternating made effective by Burgess S. L. Woodward.

First List of Applicants Are Heard on Monday

SOME ARE UNOPPOSED

Specific Objections Lacking in Certain Cases—General Remonstrances Made

Charleroi was largely represented at license court at Washington Monday where four of the Charleroi applicants against whom general remonstrances were filed had their hearing after those against whom no remonstrances had been filed were passed upon by the court. Three of the Charleroi retail applicants against whom special charges have been preferred, were scheduled for a hearing today. These are W. H. Coles of The Wilbur, W. H. Zellers of the Hotel Charleroi and Geo. M. Fellows of the Hotel Myford. Charges are also preferred against the Independent Brewing company at Charleroi.

The Charleroi applicants against whom general remonstrances had been filed were A. W. Day, Hotel Arthur; W. R. Gant, Hotel Walfrid; Geo. Rylands, Hotel Wellington; Geo. L. West, Hotel Monier. Before these hearings were taken up Attorneys Moore and Judson, who represent the temperance forces, asked permission to file special charges, stating that evidence of specific violations had just come to their notice. The attorneys for the applicants objected and the court ruled that additional evidence would not be permitted, as sufficient time had been given to prepare and file all charges. Judge McIlvaine stated that he would go on with the hearings, and that if the temperance people had any additional evidence against the Charleroi applicants he would hear it later with a view of revoking the present license if the charges have sufficient backing.

So great was the crowd when license court opened that the doors of the court room had to be closed. Thirty members of the W. C. T. U. occupied seats back of the counsel for the temperance forces, and church bells were rung when court adjourned at 12:30, when the temperance forces were supposed to bow their heads in prayer. The business of hearing the applicants against whom there were no remonstrances proceeded expeditiously and in 20 minutes 29 applicants had been handed up and passed over to the clerk.

The first snag was struck when the case of J. E. Turner, seeking a retail license in Stockdale, came up. Turner bought the license formerly held by Cornelius O'Shea and as soon as the temperance forces found Turner was after the license they filed objections which were recognized by the court. It was claimed Turner is not a fit person to hold a license. The court set Saturday for a full hearing on his application.

Chief interest centered in the application of the Acme Brewing company in Bentleyville, against which remonstrances have been filed. In connection with this application a "sociological department," such as is maintained by the Ellsworth Collieries company in Ellsworth and Cokeburg, was de-

Continued on fourth page.

WARNING OF TURKS IS GIVEN

Pittsburg Immigration Officer Tells of Collection Schemes

"GAME" WORKED HERE

Chief of Police J. D. Bumgarner of Washington has received a communication from W. W. Sibray, inspector of the office of Immigration Inspection at Pittsburg, giving notice that two Turkish "deacons" or "priests" begging for funds for the erection of an alleged orphanage in Turkey, had been arrested and were being held under surveillance, it having developed they are impostors. Notice was given by inspectors Sibray that from eight to twelve other men were likewise soliciting for the alleged orphanage in Turkey and the request was made, in case they put in an appearance in Washington that they be placed under arrest and held until the Pittsburg office can be notified.

Such solicitation is not unknown in Charleroi. These men exhibit credentials which on their face appear genuine, but it is suggested that persons approached with such a plea, give a careful investigation before lending their aid.

Appointed Supervisor. Upon petition Ellis R. Sphar has been appointed supervisor of Fallowfield township to fill a vacancy caused by resignation of S. T. Rider.

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A Tragedy of Errors.
Scene 1. Early morning in young woman's boudoir. The young woman is inspecting an expensive white suit.
"This suit needs cleaning. I'll just call up the cleaners and have them call for it." Places bundle by the door.
Scene 2. Same morning in relative's room in same house. Relative is inspecting a white and black suit.
"I believe I'll have this suit dyed black." She calls a cleaning establishment operated by a man whose last name is the same as the name of the men who keep the shop where the young woman intends to send her suit.
Scene 3. Wagon stops in front of house and driver rings doorbell.
"Package for —" he asks, and the maid, seeing the bundle left near the door by the young woman, hands the driver the package. The package goes to the establishment, which has orders to dye a suit black.
Scene 4.—The white suit is dyed and the package is returned.
Scene 5.
—Indianapolis News.

Scotch Sabbath Morality.
Even in Scotland up to the middle of the eighteenth century Sabbath morality was geographical. Sabbath, according to a contemporary writer, never "got aboon the pass o' Killiecrankie." For generations after the reformation the highlander on Sunday drove his cattle to market, brought home his fuel, baked his bread, fished, played shinty and put the stone. Sunday christenings and penny weddings were common, and the presbytery books merely sent warnings against piping, fiddling and dancing at them.
But in the lowlands the church took a sterner view. The assembly forbade shipper and sailors to begin any voyage on the Lord's day or to "loose any ships, barks or boats." Aberdonians were fined if they failed to attend worship, the good man and good wife of the house contravening paid 6s. 8d. and "ilk servant 2s. Scots," a sore burden to be borne in the seventeenth century. The record of absentees is scanty.—London Chronicle.

The Poetic Tennysons.
No other family has within two generations produced so many poets as the Tennysons. All the laureates' brothers wrote poems, and both his sons published verses in Macmillan's Magazine, though they did so anonymously. "It is a curious fact," wrote Alexander Japp in 1902, "that the Tennyson family, every male member of which wrote verse, and successfully, should have so far abstained from publishing openly or publishing at all, as if they disliked the idea of coming into competition with the great poet. Specimens of the work of Lionel and Hallam Tennyson will be found in 'Poets and Poetry of the Century,' and I may add that these pieces were sent to me by the old poet himself in a letter now before me, with such words as most certainly show that he did not share the feeling of Scott—thanking God that his sons showed no poetic symptoms."

A Model Child.
George III. was such a thrifty king that we cannot doubt that he hugged the little chap, of whom Thackeray tells this delightful story, and longed to knight him on the spot.
One day, when the king and queen were walking together, probably at Kew, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folks—and patted the little towhead.
"Whose little boy are you?" asked the king.
"I am, the king's beef eater's little boy," replied the child.
On which the king said, "Then kneel down and kiss the queen's hand."
But the innocent offspring of the beef eater declined this treat.
"No," said he: "I won't kneel, for if I do I shall spoil my new breeches."—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Miss a Dose.
Old lady looking contentedly out of window at road train. Interest of passengers excited by ringing of what sounds like an electric bell. Old lady calmly opens up grip and shuts off an alarm clock which had begun to ring. Takes bottle of medicine from pocket and drinks spoonful. Readjusts clock, closes grip and again looks out of window, remarking casually to her neighbor: "Best little reminder that I know of. I have to take my medicine every two hours, so I carry that alarm clock with me, the alarm set so that it will ring when medicine time comes around."—New York Tribune.

Conversational Inadvertence.
"Before we were married you told me I was as pretty as a picture."
"And so you were, Henrietta," replied Mr. Meekton. "But they have been getting out a lot of handsome postcards since then."—Washington Star.

Railway Collisions.
It is a curious fact that in railway collisions nearly all the passengers who are asleep escape the bad effect of shaking and concussion. Nature's own anesthetic preserving them.

Persian Stamps.
The stamps of Persia show the lion and the sun—the lion as a symbol of power and the sun as an emblem of the ancient fire worship of the Persians.

Good Hard Tip.
"Was it a genuine tip Rawson gave you on the stock market?"
"No, it was a tip; it made me lose my balance."—Boston Transcript.

Do not give way to fretfulness. It takes the fragrance out of life.

Fallibility of the Eyewitness.
When Professor F. C. Dickeray, in the psychological department of the University of Kansas, got into an altercation one day with the janitor, who entered the classroom and insisted on sweeping while Dickeray was lecturing, a number of students rushed to his rescue. The affair grew into a free for all fight, during which the janitor, who had drawn a revolver, was overpowered and disarmed. As a burly student grasped the pistol a shot was fired. As soon as order was somewhat restored the frightened and fleeing students reassembled and accounts were taken from them of the affair. All the students swore they had heard the shot, and several told of seeing the smoke from the revolver. Then Professor Dickeray told them it was an experiment, a fight had been planned carefully, and the shot of the revolver was from the outside of the building by a student posted there. The purpose of the experiment was to show the unreliability of information, even when furnished by an eyewitness.

One of the Family.
Boarding-school, as the old time district school teacher did, was not always so unmixled joy, but occasionally, writes Sophie E. Eastman in her book, "In Old South Hadley," teachers were able to administer needed discipline by reason of their intimate knowledge of the family life of their pupils.

There were some teachers who did not need the usual injunction to "make yourself to hum." Miss Mary N. one day called to her desk a boy with whose widowed mother she was then boarding. She gave him what she called "a good ferruling," although he had no idea for what offense he was being punished.
"There," she said when she had finished, "now we'll see whether you will make up faces at your mother the next time she tells you that you are to have hasty pudding and milk for breakfast!"

Pasteur's Modesty.
In 1882, when the international congress of medicine first met in London, Pasteur was the most distinguished of the foreign delegates present. With his usual anxiety to avoid publicity, he came over accompanied only by his son and son-in-law and took rooms in Clarges street. For ten days before his arrival invitations were addressed to the famous Frenchman at the bureau of the congress, but no one called for these, and he was not seen till he entered St. James' hall to attend the opening meeting. One of the stewards was leading him to the place reserved for him on the platform when he was recognized, and immediately cheers rang through the hall. Quite unconscious that these were meant for him, he said apologetically: "No doubt the Prince of Wales is arriving. I ought to have come sooner."

Bargain Hunting.
An amusing story is told in connection with the early days of Sir J. B. Robinson, the South African millionaire. He was crossing the Vaal river in 1869, looking for diamonds. He asked the natives if they had seen any "pretty stones," and at last he found a man who had a diamond. It was a small stone, and the prospector offered him £10 for it, but he refused to part with it. He increased his offer to £12, but still the man refused.
"What will you take for it?" he was asked.
"Twenty goats," was the firm reply: "nothing less."
"I sent off to the nearest farm," says Sir J. B. Robinson in telling the story, "and bought twenty goats for £10, and so got possession of my first diamond."—London Globe.

Well Posted.
The old man who acts as postmaster in a small southern town likewise keeps a general merchant's shop. He is often accused of reading the postcards that pass through his hands, but this he strongly denies. A lady called at the shop and ordered, among other goods, a ham and a cheese. Two days after the lady called again and asked why these two articles had not been sent with the other goods. "Oh," replied the merchant calmly, "I saw by the postcard you got yesterday that your friends wasn't coming, so I natchly thought you wouldn't need them things."—Argosy.

Difficult State of Mind.
"We're all fretted up," remarked Three Fingers Sam, "since Bronco Bob got engaged to the schoolmarm." "I should think a tender sentiment would improve his disposition."
"His disposition is improved, but it's uncertain. If you don't brag about what a pretty gal the schoolmarm is he feels disappointed, and if you brag too much he gets jealous."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Giving Him Room.
"The orchestra is too crowded."
"They will have to sit tight."
"But the trombone player hasn't room to work his slide."
"I can't give him any more room laterally. I'll cut a hole in the floor if he likes."—Kansas City Journal.

Felt Like It.
"Did you come back on an all steel train?"
"When the waiters and porters finished plucking me I felt sure that it was."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Blissful Ignorance.
He—They say he has more money than he knows what to do with. She—Ah, such ignorance must be bliss!—Boston Transcript.

Never despair, but if you do, work in despair.—Burke.

A TRIP ON THE KONGO.

Care Free Voyaging on Small Wood Burning Steamboats.
A trip by steamboat on the Kongo river has its truly amusing attractions as you descend from Stanleyville to the railway at Leopoldville, a voyage of twelve days. The boats, small, stern wheel affairs, carry from twenty to thirty cabin passengers each. On the lower deck are the black travelers, sometimes in a stifling crowd, sprawling over the cargo. Most of the captains are Swedes, Russians or Germans, and the engineers are picked up in Sierra Leone. Two companies run boats, and several of the mission stations have steamboats of their own besides.

Some of the boats have small dining rooms; others set the tables on deck, protected from the sun by awnings. The food is not luxurious, and very little fresh meat is to be had. The fuel is wood, and every day or six hours the boat must stop to replenish the supply from a heap of cut sticks on the bank. These piles of wood are made by natives or by scattered traders, often where no habitation is near, and in such cases the captain pays for the wood by putting money in a box that the trusting woodsman has provided for the purpose.

Every boat carries a drum, and as it approaches an inhabited district the drum is beaten to tell the natives that goats, fruit or vegetables are wanted. Every night the steamer ties up against the bank, and all the black passengers go to sleep on shore. But they devote most of the night to merrymaking and keep those on the boat as wide awake as themselves.—Youth's Companion.

SAVED BY A CAMERA.

A Photographer's Narrow Escape from an Enraged Orang.
As a rule, orang outangs are caught young and tamed before they are shipped to Europe. Mr. W. P. Dando tells in "Wild Animals and Cameras" of such an animal that arrived in London with the best of characters. He was considered a docile, steady going old thing, and Mr. Dando was engaged to photograph him.

"I entered the orang's cage as I had entered scores of others. I had not exposed many plates before I saw that the animal was intent on mischief. He was a very powerful beast, and I should have stood no chance at all if he had attacked me."

My only chance was to use the camera as a weapon. Making a sign to the keeper to keep silent, I pointed my hand camera at the orang and with slow and steady step approached him. The keeper was outside the door, ready to open it, but neither of us uttered a sound. I was relieved to see the orang retreat gradually and at the same time slowly rise from the crouched and menacing position he had taken. Once he was on the move, I knew I had a chance. I succeeded in working him round to the corner farthest from the door, which the keeper had, silently and slowly opened.

Still pointing my camera at the orang, I very slowly backed out of the cage, the door was slammed to, and I was safe. Even when I was partly through the door opening any quick movement on my part would have been a fatal mistake. The animal could have reached me in an instant.

An Estate in the Moon.
After the Franco-German war, in which Camille Flammarion, the famous astronomer, fought as a captain, he settled down to his astronomical labors in Paris and later founded an observatory at Juvigny specially to study the planets. On the occasion of his scientific jubilee he was presented with a silver medal depicting him standing on a cloud, flanked on one side by the planet Mars and on the other by his Juvigny observatory. A region on the moon has been named after him, but in whispering this fact to an interviewer M. Flammarion hoped it would not be published. "The budget commission," he added humorously, "may want to tax it as being landed property."—Westminster Gazette.

His Golden Rules.
A Toronto banker hangs up these golden rules of conduct:
"Have something to say."
"Say it."
"Stop talking."

These are fine rules for special occasions and places, but not for general application. They make no allowance for the necessities of conversation nor for the helpfulness of intercommunication.

They recall with their taciturn suggestion the golden rules that hung over the desk of a western mine owner:
"State your business."
"Shut up!"
"Get out!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wanted Them All.
Julia Ward Howe was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit. "It is time now," he said pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course; beauty, grace."
"Yes," said Mrs. Howe sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

Married Man's Progress.
The first year after marriage man holds his wife fondly, the second year he holds the baby awkwardly, and every year after that he holds his tongue sensibly.—Dallas News.

Naturally.
"I presume you have a lot of sympathy for the under dog?"
"Yes, ma'am, especially if I happen to own the dog."—Detroit Free Press.

REBUKE BY SARCASM.

About the Poorest Place to Use It Is in the Classroom.
In a well known Boston school there was a boy conspicuously dull at his Latin. He was a straightforward fellow and a gentleman by birth and breeding, but he was a bungler at syntax.

One morning he had tangled himself in a simple phrase. The teacher asked a question that should have cleared him. But the poor lad did not know the answer.

Then the teacher leaned back in his chair, rolled his gray eyes to the ceiling and said for all the class to hear, "I have been told that it is a hard thing to study a wildest with butter, particularly if you have to do it with a hot awl, but that is child's play compared with putting Latin in a boy like this."

Of course the laugh came, but as the boys laughed they despised the teacher.

"Sarcasm," said Carlisle, "is the language of the devil." Be that as it may, it has turned many a schoolroom into a place of torment.

A boy may be too dull to be in school, but while allowed to be there he can never be dull enough to justify a knife thrust from one whose first duty is to help and cheer him.—Boston Herald.

OYSTERS AND DYSPETICS.

When the Bivalves May Be Eaten. They Should Not Be Eaten.

It is popularly supposed that the oyster digests himself in the human stomach owing to the great size of the liver, which is crushed as mastication begins and is thought to digest the mollusk itself. As the oyster, moreover, contains some 10 per cent of extremely assimilable protein, together with phosphorized fats and glycogen, it has always been freely administered to convalescents, while dyspeptic bon vivants have never hesitated to eat it abundantly.

Dr. From expresses the opinion that the oyster may be allowed, therefore, to those dyspeptics whose gastric functions are deficient, in anorexia, gastric atony, ulcer and incipient cancer, and to convalescents from acute disease, as it is likely to improve the appetite and to excite the stomach to increased motor and chemical activity.

But to the large number of dyspeptics whose stomachs are hyperacid or hypersensitive Dr. From would forbid the oyster as well as all other stimulating foods. In many of these dyspeptics the gastric secretion is already sufficient, and it is unnecessary and unwise to increase it.—New York Press.

Made the Judge Perspire.
Sir John Charles Day, the English judge who earned the title of the "hooligan's terror," died at the age of eighty-two. In the nineteen years Sir John was a judge of the high court—from 1882 to 1901—he was noted for his gift of solemn humor and for his drastic flogging sentences. In fourteen years he sentenced 137 criminals to 3,766 strokes of the cat. Once he said to a gang of Liverpool ruffians: "I am not going to give you men long terms of imprisonment, but when you go in you get twenty lashes of the cat; when you have been in nine months you get twenty lashes of the cat; before you come out you get twenty lashes of the cat. And then you can show what you have got to your friends." He was perhaps the only English judge who ever did "hard labor." While on a visit to a prison he cried the treadmill, but when he was asked to be set free the guard pretended not to hear his request. The judge was perspiring freely by the time he was permitted to abandon his experiment.

Spread of the English Language.
The English language is the richest, most virile and most powerful of all the languages now to be found among men. The men who conceived and made good this nation were Englishmen, and of course they spoke the only language they knew anything about, the language of their ancestors. The English language, therefore, is the language of the future. It is assigned in the coming age the intellectual supremacy that in ancient times belonged to the Greeks and afterward to the Romans. In 1700 English was the language of 9,000,000 people. Today it is the language of 175,000,000, and by the end of the century it will be the language of 300,000,000 people.—New York American.

Tactful.
"Miss De Vere," said the lady who was entertaining the popular actress, "would you mind telling me what your real name is?"
"My real name? Oh, yes. It is Tubbs—Sylvia Tubbs. But I hope you will not introduce me to your guests by it."

"Oh, no; you needn't be afraid. I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pin Money.
It was the bride's first request for money.
"I must have some pin money," said she.

"Certainly," said the bridegroom. "Here's a quarter. That ought to buy you six or seven pins."—Washington Herald.

Slow, but Not Sure.
"Your daughter is not engaged to young Johnson yet, then? I suppose it is a case of slow and sure?"
"Well, yes—he is slow, and she is not at all sure."

Labor is the fabled magician's wand, the philosopher's stone and the cap of Fortunatus.—Johnson.

The Productive Age of the Average Man

The productive age of the average wage earner ceases at about fifty, while more than fifty percent of them live to be sixty-five years of age. Young man, what are you doing for the last fifteen years? "Old age and poverty are two heavy burdens."

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Fortune displays our virtues and our vices as light makes all objects apparent.—La Rochefoucauld.